

the sex of that mother ? How can he that
 has dishonoured
 the sex of his mother deserve to be blessed
 by the mother ?
 Would we mould in ourselves a pure, strong,
 genial and
 beneficent character, then we should learn
 to revere the
 sex of the mother; for, thus alone man will
 attain to the
 seat of strength and the shrine of bliss. Says
 a fine Sanscrit
 maxim, ⁶ Blessed is the son that sees a
 mother's face where *ver*
he turns ". Is not this *matrubhavam*—this
 filial reverence
 for woman—noted as a primal element, as
 an essential
 factor, in the spiritual constitution of that
 paragon of *bhaktas*
_prahlada ? It is this purifying look and
 commanding
 outlook that constitutes the fountain-source,
 not only of
 gallant chivalry, but of sanctified humanity.
 Aye, bow
 at the feet of the mother; and you bow
 before incarnate
 divinity. The mother's arms are verily the
 golden cradle
 in which is nurtured whatever is bright and
 beautiful, *high-*
souled and heavenly, among the children of
 men.

In this connection, it is 'interesting to
 bear in mind
 the sanctity of an ancient Indian Sage, who,
 when a 'celestial
 nymph visited his hermitage, employed her
 blandishments
 to disturb "his penance, and immediately
 laid' bare her
 'mysterious charms/ exclaimed in' child-like
 innocence,
 " *Would that one could have a mother of*
such beauty "!

Coming to our own times, we find the
 immortal *Sivaji*,

the greatest of our national martial heroes,
was filled with
the Upanishadic spirit of pure, true,
chivalrous love, whon,
on the offer of a beautiful Mahammadan
princess as a present
by the captain of his troops who captured
her, he rebuked
him saying: " *Had my mother been as
handsome as this lady
is, I should have inherited some of that
handsomeness; and
then I should have a right to look at her.
Take her away,
therefore; let us not tarnish her mth our
black hearts.*" That
was worthy of a Maharaja; that showed a
true hero; there
lay that real might of a great founder of a
potent empire.